THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Journal devoted to the Interests of the Residents of the Suburbs of Washington.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

The Suburban Citizen Newspaper Co.,

J. M. WOOD, Business Manager.

No. 611 10th Street N. E.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ITS CONTRIBUTORS are Business Men, Business Women, Scientists, Plain People, Travelers, Poets, etc., etc. In other words, people familiar whereof they write, who tell their stories in a way that will interest our suburban friends.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One dollar per year, payable in advance. Single copies five cents.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Address all letters and make checks payable to THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN, Washington, D. C.

Entered at the Post Office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

Summer resorts are flourishing as they never flourished before.

McKinley and Roosevelt is the strongest team the Republicans could possibly name.

The Chief of the United States Weather Bureau contemplates the establishment of a hydrographic division. A system of water forecasts is to be accomplished by means of many stations in different localities, the object being the study of all rivers in the country, and observations relating to precipation and the height of river waters. The stage of water in all rivers is to be reported daily and from data so obtained forecasts for the following twenty-four hours are deduced and telegraphed to the central office at Washington.

The farmers who own their farms and pay as they go are the most independent people on earth. If the rising generation of farm boys could see the things as they really are, they might be willing to start on a small scale and extend their borders as they are able, thinks the Farmer's Guide. The boy should not expect to start in life as "well fixed" as his father is, after working for a lifetime. Farm life has more sunshine, balmy breezes, good health, bird songs, luscious fruits, pure water and air, wholesome food, than any other, and if the farmer is out of debt and has a clear conscience he has less anxiety than people of any other calling.

The announcement that a line of automobiles is to go into service in competition with the street railways naturally gives rise to much speculation as to the effect of this form of local transit service on the street railway business, says the Chicago Record. There are those bold enough to predict that the car designated to run on rails laid in the streets will in time give way entirely to self-propelled vehicles, that require no other street foundation than the ordinary pavement. If this should prove to be the case the street railway problem will be much simplified. It will only be necessary for the authorities to provide first-class pavements throughout the city, when all who desire to engage in the business of carrying passengers can do so. Thus cost and quality of service could be left to regulation by competition, which now is out of the question, because but a single corporation can be permitted to lay tracks and to operate cars in any given street.

A REMINISCENCE.

The sun hotly blazed on the long, dusty street
That leads to the hurrying mart;
And the wearisome spell of the languorous heat
Seemed to penetrate e'en to the heart.
And yet like a memory, distant and dim,
There came through the foliage dense
A perfume—it banished the frowning so grim—
Of lilacs from over the fence.

The wayfarer paused, and there came to his mind
The old-fashioned place of his birth;
Illumed by a face that was gentle and kind,
The gentlest and kindest on earth;
The big, rambling garden, the nook where a boy
Dreamed on of a future immense;
Where the sunbeams would linger in laziest joy,
And the lilacs hung over the fence.

Again to the journey. Again to the strife,
And yet, mid the toil of the day,
A faint, subtle odor, with memories rife,
Full oft through the air seemed to stray.
The smile had a meaning which no one could learn,
That lightened his features so tense,
As the perfume in fancy would sweetly return
Of lilacs from over the fence.

—Washington Star.

THE CHANGED SHOES.

VISCOUNT PETersfield was remarkable for three things, his intense bashfulness, his indecision of character and his abnormally small hands and feet. On the latter he particularly prided himself.

He was the most eligible of bachelors. Equally, of course, he was being everlastingly stalked by husband-hungry mammas and daughters. But they could make nothing of him. Their most sirenic efforts simply frightened him.

But exemption was impossible. He was young, single, a viscount. He had £25,000 a year.

One autumn, three or four years ago, Lord Petersfield went down into Sussex to stay with his friends the Wentwarps, at Wentwarp Hall, a very fine old country seat.

For one thing, they understood his character and did not worry him with excessive hospitality. And then, for another, the daughters of the house, Mabel and Maud—very pretty girls, too, by the way—did not run after him or make eyes at him. They were simply friendly and cordial with him.

Now Viscount Petersfield had contracted a deplorable habit of easing his pinched toes by kicking off his pumps during the progress of dinner and only resuming them just before he had to jump up in deference to the rising of the ladies.

He was rather sorry when he saw Lady Wentwarp preparing to make the signal, and he had to feel for his vacant pumps. He found them and got them on in time—phew! Certainly they were abominably tight! They seemed to throw him forward on his toes in a way to which he was not accustomed. Only at the last fair diner swept past him, on her way out, did he realize that his toes were being tortured in a pair of ladies' shoes.

They were high heeled, of black satin, with large rosettes and silver buckles. He had no difficulty in recognizing them. They were Mabel Wentwarp's.

Then he saw how it was. An unintentional exchange. The young lady must have kicked off her shoes also, and meaning to resume them, had unknowingly resumed his instead.

He decided that his best course was to slip away on some pretext or other while the gentlemen were still smoking their cigars, then to hurry upstairs to his bedroom and exchange the satins for a second pair of pumps, which he had fortunately brought with him.

Having decided on this line of action, he murmured—with a very red face—a few excuses and apologies to his host, and then performed a skillful and speedy exit with so much rapidity as to make it impossible for the black satins to be seen.

Now, as he passed with rapid and nervous stealth along the corridor which led to his room, he happened to notice that one of the bedroom doors on the way stood open. He recognized whose room it was. It was Mabel Wentwarp's. In an instant he had popped them safely inside the door of her room and was proceeding with a lighter heart toward his own apartment at the end of the passage.

On reaching his own room he turned up the gas and was about to hunt out his second pair of pumps from a cupboard when his eyes fell upon his best pair—the pair which Mabel Wentwarp had appropriated—standing in a conspicuous position by his dressing table.

He saw how it was. Miss Mabel, having discovered her mistake, had had the promptness and delicacy to replace them thus in his room. It was certainly most tactful and considerate of her.

When they joined the ladies Lord Peterfield still, however, felt rather nervous in case any of the fair guests might have shared Miss Mabel's discovery about the exchange of shoes. But he was soon set free from anxiety on this point by Miss Wentwarp herself, who, taking the opportunity to approach him as he stood for a moment alone, murmured, with a blushing, downcast look:

"I found out our little mistake, Lord Petersfield, and I at once restored your property to your room. Sh! No one knows anything about it. Ah!" (turning her eyes down upon his varnished toes) "I see that you have already reclaimed your own."

At that moment Julia Slanderson swooped down upon her prey, and to his great annoyance forcibly annexed him for the rest of the evening.

Next morning after breakfast the unfortunate Viscount noticed that this persistent young lady was still hovering on the pounce. He evaded her at the expense of some skill and slipped off into the dampest and most secluded portion of the garden to enjoy his cigar alone.

Mabel Wentwarp startled him by suddenly appearing at his side. Her face was white and distressful. Her eyes, he noticed, were bright with unshed tears.

"Oh, Lord Petersfield," she exclaimed, "forgive my intrusion, but I saw you come out, and I have followed you, because I—I have something I—I—must tell you."

"I—I—trust there is nothing the matter," remarked his lordship, looking embarrassed and conscious of a vague sense of alarm.

"I—I—cannot deceive you. A great deal is the matter. And—it has all arisen out of our—our—foolish mistake last night. I—I—have just had a dr-dreadful interview with—that—that—odious Lady Slanderson!"

"The de—oh, I beg your pardon. But—but—do you mean to say that she discovered ou—our—mistake?"

"She—she—thinks that she has found out some—something dr-dreadful about us."

And poor Mabel, unable to restrain her feeling any longer, began to sob.

"Oh, dear! Pr-pray don't distress yourself, Miss Wentwarp."

"Oh, Lord Petersfield, I—don't know how I shall tell you the—the shameful things Lady Slanderson said to me. But—but—in justice to you, as well as to myself, I must. It—it seems that she was upstairs last night at—at a most unfortunate moment, and that—that—she saw me sl-slip out of your room—without my shoes on!"

"Good heavens!" gasped his lordship in a tone of evident dismay. "What a——"

"And also," Mabel went on hurriedly as if anxious to finish her painful disclosure, "she waited up there, spying in the dark, and saw you slip out of my room without your shoes on!"

"But, surely," began Lord Petersfield.

"I—I—told her the truth," interposed the girl. "I explained everything. She—she—scoffed at my version. She said she would—would publish the scandal to the four winds of heaven. Oh, Lord Petersfield, what is to be done?"

"But, surely," stammered Lord Petersfield, who was naturally in a great state of mind, "people will accept our version rather than that of this vile scandal-monger!"

"Alas," sobbed Mabel, "I wish I thought so. You see, Lord Petersfield, I cannot help recognizing the very unfortunate state of appearances. She will say that if—if—we had—any—anything to conceal we should, of course, be ready with an explanation, and that even at that our explanation is lame and improbable. Besides, she will enlarge and exaggerate and—and tell—falsehoods, until—oh, I had rather have died than have had this happen!"

The viscount was silent for a minute. A sudden idea, born of the circumstances, had flashed across his mind. He had never thought of Mabel in this light before. He would not have done so now unless the situation had forced it on him, but as he looked at her pretty, woeful face he realized that it was not such an unwelcome light in which to think of her after all.

"My—my—dear Miss Mabel, I—I—might, for all that Lady Slanderson knows to the contrary, have—have—acquired the right to—to—take your—your slippers to your room."

"I—I—what do you mean, Lord Petersfield?"

"Why," replied his lordship, blushing and stammering, "if I were—were—engaged to be married to you, Miss Mabel, it w-would make a—a—difference—wouldn't it?"

"Oh, no, Lord Petersfield! Not that, not that," she cried, starting away.

"Couldn't you s-stand me at—at—any price, then?" gasped the viscount painfully mortified.

"Oh, yes! It—it was not that. I should—I mean I could not let you sacrifice yourself to—to—save my reputation."

"It wouldn't be much of a sacrifice," said his lordship. "Do you know, I am rather glad now that this—this—unfortunate situation has opened my eyes? It—it—shows me something I didn't realize before. I—I—oh, Mabel, will you?"

"He is a noble man, mamma," said the newly engaged girl to her mother a few hours later. "He—he—says he didn't realize that he loved me till this morning. And I did not realize that—that—I loved him. If I had, I would n-never have played that horrid practical joke upon him about his—his pumps. But when he—he—sp-spoke to me I knew in a moment that—that—I did love him. You will—will—never tell him that I meant it originally for a stupid hoax, will you, mamma, dear?"

"Don't be afraid of that, Mab. Your old mother will not give you away. It was a risky sort of joke, wasn't it, though it has had the happiest results, as it seems to have opened both your eyes?"

Curious Ear Test.

A novel and curious test for deafness or approaching deafness has just been described by a Paris specialist. If the handle of a vibrating tuning-fork be applied to the knee or other bony portion of the human frame, the sound cannot be heard by the person who possesses an unimpaired ear, but if the ear be attacked by disease, then the note can be heard distinctly.

IDIOSYNCRASIES OF RAZORS.

A Barber Reveals Some Secrets About the Tools of His Trade.

"Curious how razors differ," said a New Orleans boss barber, accompanying his remarks with a tune upon the hone. "Now, here is a box of seven, intended to be used in rotation, one for each day in the week. They belong to a theatrical manager in town, and I'm sharpening 'em up for him. These razors are supposed to be as much alike as so many peas, but they're not. Some of them will hold an edge twice as long as the others. Why it is, I don't know. It isn't because of any difference in the hardness or temper; it's some mysterious quality of the steel that has never been explained. The makers have been searching for the secret for years; and the man that finds it and turns out absolutely uniform goods will make a big fortune." "How do you pick your razors for the shop?" asked the man in the chair. "We take them on trial. No barber ever thinks of buying his razors outright without making a test. When I need some new ones I get them from the supply house and try them for three or four days. Those that hold an edge I keep and the others I return." "That's a good scheme," said the man in the chair. "About how long is the life of a razor in a shop?" "I hardly know," replied the boss barber. "You see, we never keep a razor until it is worn out. Some customer is certain to take a fancy to it and offer a good advance on the original price; in fact the sale of razors cuts quite a figure in a barber's income. The general rule is to use the same razor all day. If business is fair that will average about twenty-five shaves. Then it is put aside in the drawer and not touched again for at least forty-eight hours. By following that rule and using three razors it isn't necessary to hone them oftener than once every five or six weeks." "Is there any truth in the old yarn that a razor gets back an edge by resting?" asked the customer, sitting up to have his hair brushed. "Certainly. That's a well-known fact, although you'll have to go to somebody else for a theory to fit it. I've frequently had a razor turn suddenly dull on me toward the end of a hard day's work. All I do then is to lay it aside and let it rest for about a week. When I pick it up again it is as good as ever." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Live Coal Trick.

No one would suppose that it is possible to hold a glowing coal on a piece of linen or cotton without burning the cloth, but that such can be done is easy for any one to prove, and at the same time the experiment teaches an important natural law.

Every child knows that the telephone and telegraph wires are made of copper because that metal is a good conductor of heat and electricity, which is only another form of heat. If a poker is heated in the fire you pick up a cloth to hold the outer end, although it has not been in the fire, because experience has taught you that the heat is connected through the metal from the fire to the outer end. This experiment with the flaming coal is based upon this principle, and the additional one that linen and cotton are poor conductors of heat. Take a globe of copper and draw a piece of cloth tightly over it, so that there is not a wrinkle at the top. If the linen or cotton is closely woven the trick is all the more certain. Then holding the cloth tightly in place you can safely put a glowing coal on top of the cloth and while it burns fiercely the cloth will not even be scorched. The reason is that the great conductivity of the copper draws the heat of the coal before it can burn the cloth.

Do not try this experiment with a good handkerchief first, for if the cloth is not tightly drawn it may burn; but take some worthless piece of linen or muslin, and after you are certain of your experience you can astonish your friends who do not know the secret.—Washington Post.

Color In Commerce.

There are many and various matters which must be studied by the manufacturer who would cater to foreign trade, which fact has been emphasized by some recent experiences of our expanders in that direction. A certain American firm sent some electrical goods, which were decorated green, to Japan. They did not sell any. No Japanese would bring such things into his house; it would mean an invitation to evil deities. Green is an evil color in Japan. What a Japanese wants is red things. Upon this simple matter of color rested the failure of that manufacturer.

A German employer objected to American machines, because, although they performed their work perfectly, they demoralized his men. They were painted in dark colors and with no bright parts. The men who worked around the machines do not have any brass to keep clean or any surfaces to rub and they get lazy. The German workman needs to be kept busy with things of this sort. People on the Isthmus of Panama will not purchase anything with blue spots on it.

Picks Up Leaves From Lawns.

Leaves can be rapidly and cleanly picked up from lawns by an Ohio woman's invention, which has a large hopper mounted on wheels, with fan-blades set in the mouth of the hopper close to the ground, to be rapidly revolved by gearing inside the wheels, thus fanning the leaves into the hopper.

Electric Dogcarts in England.

Electric dogcarts are being built in England which carry four passengers and run fifty miles with one charge. It has four speeds—three, six and twelve miles an hour.